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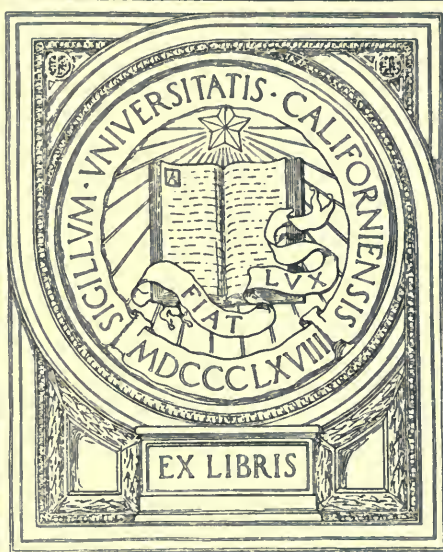


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Truly Yours
Edw. E. Hale

THE CONTRIBUTION OF BOSTON TO AMERICAN
INDEPENDENCE.

ORATION

DELIVERED BEFORE THE

MAYOR AND CITIZENS OF BOSTON

AT THE

ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FIRST
CELEBRATION OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

MONDAY, JULY 5, 1897

BY

EDWARD EVERETT HALE



BOSTON
PRINTED BY ORDER OF THE CITY COUNCIL
1897

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City of Boston.

IN BOARD OF ALDERMEN, Sept. 2, 1897.

Resolved, That the thanks of the City Council be, and are hereby tendered to the Rev. EDWARD EVERETT HALE, D.D., for the very appropriate, interesting and eloquent oration delivered by him on the Fourth of July, in commemoration of the One Hundred and Twenty-first Anniversary of the Declaration of American Independence, and that he be requested to furnish a copy of the said address and his portrait, for publication.

Adopted unanimously by a rising vote. Sent down for concurrence.

PERLIE A. DYAR,
Chairman.

IN COMMON COUNCIL, Sept. 23, 1897.

Concurred unanimously by a rising vote.

JOSEPH A. CONRY,
President.

Approved Sept. 27, 1897.

JOSIAH QUINCY,
Mayor.

A true copy.

Attest:

JOHN M. GALVIN,
City Clerk.

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10-30-95

ORATION.

MR. MAYOR AND FELLOW-CITIZENS :

Faneuil Hall is the cradle of liberty, and the child was born not far away. It was in the council chamber of the Old State House yonder that "American independence was born."

These are the words of John Adams, whose features you are looking on. He assisted at the birth, and he has told for us the story.

He says, speaking of that day: "Otis was a flame of fire. Otis hurried everything before him. American independence was then and there born. In fifteen years the child grew up to manhood, and declared himself free."

When that moment came, the Congress of the United States was sitting in Philadelphia. It had been summoned two years before, on the seventeenth of June, 1774 — St. Botolph's day, be it remembered, the saint's day of Boston. On that day Samuel Adams of Boston moved in the Provincial assembly, sitting at Salem, that a Continental Congress should be called at Philadelphia. At Philadelphia, observe, because there was no English garrison there. Samuel Adams took the precaution to lock the door of the Salem assembly chamber on the inside. While the

motion was under discussion the English Governor Gage's secretary appeared at the outside of the door to dissolve the assembly. But Sam Adams was stronger than he. The delegates were chosen, he was one; James Bowdoin, John Adams, Thomas Cushing and Robert Treat Paine¹ were the others.

All of these were from Boston; so little was known of the jealousy which dabsters in politics now speak of between the city and the country. There was no such jealousy then, and there is really no such jealousy now; none except in the minds of people who, for their own ends, play with the machinery of government.

That day, the seventeenth of June, John Adams entered public life, as he says. He presided at the crowded town meeting held on the saint's day in this hall.

Observe that, excepting him, who by misfortune was not born on this peninsula, all these delegates to that Congress which changed the government of the world were Boston boys. And, almost, of course, as we Latin School boys say, they had learned democracy and liberty as they read their Latin and Greek at our Latin School. Sam Adams himself is now, I believe, unanimously regarded as the author, or father, of American independence. James Bowdoin was afterward governor of the new-born State.

¹ Paine was born in Boston, but for a part of his life he practised law in Taunton. He sat in the Assembly for Taunton, and was regarded as representing the "Old Colony" in the Continental Congress.

Thomas Cushing gave place to Gerry, before the declaration. Paine, in his own life, in the life of his son, as in the life of his grandson to-day, never wearied in the service of the nation.

Two years were to pass before the declaration was drawn and signed. When that time came, our delegation had been changed by the substitution of Hancock for Bowdoin, and Gerry for Cushing. Franklin, another Latin School boy, served with John Adams and Thomas Jefferson, Roger Sherman and Robert Livingston, on the committee who made the draft of the declaration. And when the time comes for its signature, John Hancock's name "stands at the top of freedom's roll." We have a fancy, in that Latin School, that, as you look at the forty-five signatures, you can find a resemblance in the beautiful handwriting of John Hancock, of Samuel Adams, of Robert Treat Paine, of Benjamin Franklin and of William Hooper, the five boys who were taught to write when they were at our school.

We need not be over-modest in Boston when we speak of such men and such times. American independence was born in our old State House. Sam Adams was the father of American independence. Liberty was cradled in this hall. Franklin and Adams, of those who drew the declaration, were born here. John Hancock was sent to preside over that assembly, and accepted bravely the honors and the perils of his great position. I could not anywhere

give any history, however succinct, of the Declaration; I could not account for the America of to-day, without saying all this—no, not if I were addressing the Shah of Persia in his palace in Ispahan. Fortunately for me, I am not addressing him. I am speaking to my fellow-townsmen. And in the privacy of this assembly I propose to speak in some detail to-day of the contribution which Boston made in securing the independence of America. I may wander a little from my subject, as I have to say what the people of other parts of this Commonwealth had to do in that business. They are not jealous of us, as we are not jealous of them.

I HAVE sometimes feared that in his own city John Hancock is not honored as he should be. Woe to the city which neglects the memory of its great men! I heard with dismay a few days ago that the Sons of the Revolution have not money enough to pay for the bronze statue of Hancock which they have ordered. Why, thanks to Hancock and to the men behind him, there is money enough in Boston to pay for fifty statues in gold to his memory, if the people of to-day understand what Independence means to them!

Here was John Hancock, a young merchant of fashion, of family and of wealth—things which in those days were highly considered in Boston. He

was surrounded by all the temptations which surround young men of fashion, of family, and of wealth in a provincial city, and Boston was then a provincial city. As things go in such cities, the nephew of a rich merchant, surrounded with every indulgence, is not apt to throw himself into what is called rebellion against his king. But such a young gentleman as that, after the lines of rebellion are fairly drawn, when all the world knows what he means, accepts what are the critical positions of selectman and of a Boston member of the House of Assembly. That means that, at the age of twenty-nine, he accepts the lead of Sam Adams, who is already laying his large plans for the independence of this empire. The royal governors are surprised and distressed. In ways known to such men from that time to this time, they try to separate Hancock from his alliance with the people. He is offered this, and he is offered that, and he refuses the offers. And so, after the battle of Lexington, when George III. offers a pardon to almost everybody else in Massachusetts, the two great exceptions are Samuel Adams and John Hancock.

The day when the young Hancock was chosen into the General Assembly, John and Sam Adams happened to meet on the mall at the head of Winter street. They walked up and down the mall, and as they came in sight of Hancock's elegant mansion, the older man said to the younger: "This town has

done a wise thing to-day; they have made that young man's fortune their own." And John Adams says more than once that John Hancock was one of the younger men whom Samuel Adams, so to speak, took in training as soon as he saw their ability to serve the Commonwealth. When one remembers that others in the same company were the second Josiah Quincy and Joseph Warren, one sees how great is the compliment implied. There is not a youngster of us all who might not be proud to have been selected as a special friend of freedom, and a possible martyr in her cause, by such a leader as Samuel Adams.

In later life, when there was time to quarrel, the master and his pupil parted. For thirteen years Hancock and Adams were not friends, although George III. had written their names in the same line, and so writing, had helped their immortality. But, really, that quarrel is very little to you and me. Because Hancock was a rich man and lived in a palace, and Adams was a poor man, who lived by the scanty profits of his retail shop, we can well see that there might have been petty issues which should part them in daily life. No matter for that. For nothing can part them in the great record of history. That record is that the older man conceived of the Declaration of Independence, and that the younger man, though he had a rope around his neck, was the first to sign that declaration. Showy

and pompous in his daily life, if you please, but he knew the responsibilities of wealth so well that in time of famine, brought on by King George, his agents had the charge of the relief of three hundred families. Shortsighted as to etiquette in his dealings with Washington, you say? But this is because he has the honor of Massachusetts at heart. He will not, by any etiquette, let Massachusetts take a lower place than belongs to her.

John Adams named George Washington, the Virginia colonel, to the command of the American army just before Warren died at Bunker Hill. John Adams writes privately, what he did not say in public, that up to that time, the services and the sacrifices of John Hancock in the cause of the nation had been immeasurably beyond those of George Washington. Time has gone by, and there is fame enough for both of them. But you and I are not going to forget that, when the moment for battle came, and the blow was to be struck which should declare independence, our own John Hancock, bone of our bone and blood of our blood, was found worthy to be named by the side of George Washington.

And by way of showing that wealth is not always vulgar, and that the man of the largest wealth may still be the truest servant of the people, it is worth while to say, in passing, of these two leaders whose names have thus come down together in the history

of this day, that George Washington was the richest man in Virginia and John Hancock the richest man in Massachusetts. Such men were not ashamed nor afraid of the probable honor of being the first martyrs when they committed themselves as the fast friends of America.

Massachusetts may refuse her statues if she doubts as to the achievements of her sons, but she does not doubt nor refuse such an honor when it is proposed for John Hancock.

In those days men were praised when they made sacrifices for the nation. Nay, States and towns expected to make sacrifices! I see, now, to my disgust, that every State is expected to stand for itself, and to forget that it is one member of a nation. Hancock knew better. On that great occasion when Washington prepared to bombard and burn Boston, Hancock wrote in words which we will inscribe on the base of his statue: "All my property is there, but may God crown your attempt with success. I most heartily wish it, though individually I may be the greatest sufferer." Such is the motto of statesmen, of States, and of their senators.

MR. CHOATE said of Virginia that she was "the mother of great men and was not unmindful of her children." The remark is eminently true. But I am apt to think that Massachusetts, the

leader in the revolution, mother of great men, is sometimes unmindful of her children. The truth is that in the birthright of every son of Massachusetts he inherits the duty which is a privilege, or the privilege which is a duty, that first of all he must live to the glory of God. A Massachusetts boy or a Massachusetts man, a Massachusetts girl or a Massachusetts woman, must not live for himself alone—no, nor for herself alone. First of all we live for the common good and for the public service. I say this is ingrain in our make-up; it is a part of our birthright privilege. And so it is that you shall have a man like Robert Treat Paine, a Massachusetts lawyer, who is taken from his daily duty to go to Philadelphia and engage in the direct work of treason. He is sent there, and he goes there; openly and before the world he “devises war against the king.” This is the definition of treason.

It is a pity if we forget such men; if we do not, on these great occasions of history or of ceremony, repeat their names and commemorate their service. Here is your type, then, of the Massachusetts lawyer. In that remarkable case in which these people, hot with rebellion, decided the right and wrong of the Boston massacre by the calm methods of a civic trial, Paine appears on the one side and his friend Quincy on the other. He signs the Declaration of Independence; he is the first attorney-general of Massachusetts; he is a judge in the Superior Court.

I do not wonder, and I do not complain, if, after a century, this honored name brings up, first, the memory of another honored Robert Treat Paine, of our own fellow-citizens, who is drawn by the determination to serve mankind into the homes of the poorest, in his relief of those most unfortunate. And farther back, such is the magic of song that a thousand men will sing:

“Ne'er shall the sons of Columbia be slaves,”

and shall remember the Paine who wrote those words, for one who remembers his father, the stern jurist whose name I spoke just now. But there are justly honors enough for all.

For a generation after the Declaration no one could have said or sung a word with regard to the great struggle without speaking of Joseph Warren, another of these younger men whom Samuel Adams loved. It does not seem to me that in our time he receives the tribute which is his due. Whoever else was second, the people of Massachusetts in 1775 counted Warren first. It was because they had given him the rank of a major-general in their militia that he thought it his duty to appear at the redoubt at Charlestown, where he waived the command, which was in the hands of a more experienced soldier, and where he fell. He died too soon

for his own fame. In the work of those critical years, which needed courage and decision as perhaps no other years in history ever needed them, Warren had shown already that he was a leader of men. But in our time he has shown this only to those who study old archives, who disinter old letters from their graves, and then sadly ask themselves what might have been.

To the country, his loss seemed at the time almost irreparable. The language used by those who knew him, and by those who only knew about him, is the language of the most profound regret, as if the national cause in his death had sustained a great disaster. We know to-day, what they did not know, that the battle fought on St. Botolph's day, on our own hill yonder, was not only the first pitched battle of the American revolution, but that in a certain sense it was the last. For that battle really decided the contest, as I think all military men would say. From that time till the surrender at Yorktown, no English general had the temerity to order troops to attack any military work fitly manned by Americans.¹ From that time till the end, the war on the part of England was generally, with a few distinguished exceptions, a series of Fabian campaigns — campaigns of endurance and waiting, of hoping for a collapse which never came.

¹I do not forget the desperate attack on Red Bank in 1777 and its terrible failure. This was the Bunker Hill of Pennsylvania; but this attack was ordered, not by an English officer, but by Donop, a Hessian, who died of his wounds. And Howe, who had seen Bunker Hill, would never have made so costly an error. Poor Donop died saying, "I die the victim of my ambition, and of the avarice of my sovereign."

It is of such campaigns that, at the end of six years, poor Cowper sang that the English troops

“With opium drugged,
Snore to the murmurs of the Atlantic wave.”

Such is the lesson which was taught by the “embattled farmers” who surrounded Warren when he died. But the men of their time did not understand that lesson. In that time men spoke of Bunker Hill with tears of rage. They spoke of it as I remember six and thirty years ago we spoke here of the first Bull Run. In the midst of that rage there was this pathetic sorrow, that Warren, the first man in Massachusetts, most beloved and most trusted, had lost his life. His children were adopted by the State, a monument to his memory was ordered, which the piety of other generations built. And to-day, after four generations have passed, you and I must not forget the service which had won such sorrow. His monument, thank God and our fathers, is secure!

Listen to what Daniel Webster said of him—who knew hundreds of men who had known Warren well. Daniel Webster was not used to exaggerate. And he knew what he was saying:

But, ah! Him! the first great martyr in this great cause! Him! the premature victim of his own self-devoting heart. Him! the head of our civil councils, and the destined leader of our military bands, whom nothing brought

hither but the unquenchable fire of his own spirit. Him! cut off by Providence in the hour of overwhelming anxiety and thick gloom, falling, ere he saw the star of his country rise; pouring out his generous blood, like water, before he knew whether it would fertilize a land of freedom or of bondage! How shall I struggle with the emotions that stifle the utterance of thy name! Our poor work may perish, but thine shall endure. This monument may moulder away; the solid ground it rests upon may sink down to the level of the sea, but thy memory shall not fail. Wheresoever among men a heart shall be found that beats to the transports of patriotism and liberty, its aspirations shall be to claim kindred with thy spirit.

WHEN Washington arrived in Cambridge, at the beginning of July, 1775, he found the English army blockaded in Boston. The battle of Bunker Hill had been fought. Strong works on Prospect Hill and the other hills in Somerville made any advance of the English troops over Charlestown Neck impossible. Efficient works on Charles river blocked the passage against any boats sent from the squadron up that river. The strong fortification had been begun which, under the auspices of my friend here, has just now been restored, on the heights of Roxbury, and blocked the way for any such "military promenade" as Percy had made in April of that year. These works had been designed by Henry Knox, another of our Latin School boys.

He kept the leading bookstore in Boston, at the head of King street, a place where English officers

looked in for the latest books. He kept himself well supplied with the books on tactics and all military art; he studied these books himself while he sold them to the enemies of his country.

When Paddock, famous for the elms, left Boston for England, he recommended Knox as his successor in command of the artillery company. With such training, Knox joined Ward at Cambridge, as soon as Ward took command of the army. He recommended himself at once to Washington. By Washington's appointment, probably at Knox's own suggestion, he was sent to Ticonderoga to bring across the mountains the artillery which Ethan Allen captured there. With the arrival of that artillery, the works which he had built could be properly armed. It would have been hot shot from his cannon which would have destroyed the wooden town of Boston had it been determined, in John Adams's phrase, to "smoke the rats out of their hole."

From the first, Washington saw the ability and merits of this great man. Then, at Washington's suggestion, he was made a brigadier in the Continental army. At Washington's request, after Knox's distinguished service at Yorktown, he was made a major-general. Washington made him secretary of war and of the navy, when the nation became a nation. It is hard to say what would have become of the infant cause of independence had it not been for

Henry Knox. The finest line in Dwight's "Conquest of Canaan" gives Knox his epitaph:

"And Knox created all the stores of war."

One is glad to say that the vigor of such a man is preserved generation after generation among his descendants. More than one of them has done essential service to the state. It was a grandson of Knox who led the way in the naval attacks of the nation in the capture of Fort Fisher and of Mobile.

I MUST leave to some other orator, better equipped for his task than I am, to give the whole of this sacred hour on some future Fourth of July to the memory of Samuel Adams, the father of American independence. He, too, like Hancock, was so eager in later life that Massachusetts should not lose one leaf from her laurel crown that he was coy and doubtful when the constitution of the nation was brought to him for his approval. Yet here, too, it is to be said that, when the moment came for the great decision, Adams was willing to sacrifice his own pride for the welfare of the whole. His decision saved the constitution. He was too great a man to sacrifice Massachusetts on the altar of "separate sovereignty."

Later generations have remembered fondly, what in commencement week is worth repeating, the subject

of his master's address at Cambridge thirty years before the revolution: "Whether it be lawful to resist the supreme magistrate, if the Commonwealth cannot otherwise be preserved."

I am fond of thinking that from that moment forward Adams must have called together around him the younger men of Boston, perhaps in some social club of which we have forgotten the name, in which they were indoctrinated with the eternal principles of home rule, in which they learned the catechism of independence. Samuel Adams saw, I should say, before any other public man saw, that the colonies were in fact independent. It is a pity that in our anniversary orations we do not always recollect this. The declaration which we celebrate to-day was a declaration of past history and present truth.

* "These united colonies *are*, and of right ought to be, free and independent States."

It is not the declaration of a future which one hopes for, as the people of Crete to-day might declare that they will be independent to-morrow and in the future. It is the declaration of what has been for generations, of what is on this Fourth of July, 1776, of what shall be till time shall end. The State of Massachusetts was independent under its old charter. It coined its own money, it made its own wars, it signed its own treaties of peace. When King Philip, who could call more men into the field than the colony of Massachusetts could, attacked her,

"are" is not "have been"

Massachusetts fought with him and conquered him. And when some friends in England asked why Massachusetts had not sent to England for assistance, Massachusetts proudly replied that England had no business in the affair. In fact, England did not send an ounce of powder or lead for that death struggle. Even after William III., who knew what power was, and who meant to hold it in his hands — after he sent us the second charter, the colony taught every successive governor that he was dependent upon Massachusetts. Every judge and every governor must receive his salary from the Massachusetts treasury.

And when she chose, Massachusetts erected monuments to her friends in Westminster Abbey. There were the vestiges of a certain royal dignity; the lion and the unicorn were on the town house; the crown and the mitre were in King's Chapel. But the crown could not search a house unless the colony granted the writ of assistance.

That is what the Declaration of Independence expresses in those central words: "These united colonies *are*, and of right ought to be, free and independent States."

"Daughter am I in my mother's house,
But mistress in my own."

JOHN ADAMS himself has left to us the history of his time, in which he filled a place so large.

Impetuous even to audacity, a magnificent hater, he made enemies with the greatest ease. It was once said of the Adams family, that "they never turn their backs on any but their friends." It has followed with John Adams that he, also, has not had the honor that he deserved. He was not in the ranks of battle, but in debate and in diplomacy he showed that fight was in him, to the very sole of his foot, if he were sure that he was in the right.

When the English commissioner, Oswald, sent the treaty of peace home from Paris, he said: "If we had not given way in the article of the fishery, we should have had no treaty at all. Mr. Adams . . . declared that he would never put his hand to any treaty if the restraints proposed were not dispensed with."

They asked Adams what he would do if they insisted on these restraints. "Fight twenty years more," he said. Seventy-eight years after, his illustrious grandson had to write in much the same strain to the minister of the same nation. And yet there have been men called statesmen in America who have offered to cede these rights of free fishing in the ocean as they might give away a cigar stub!

John Adams was no such man as that. Unfortunately for him, and for his country, therefore, he was jealous of other men; he suspected other men. He suspected Franklin; he suspected Jay, both as pure patriots as ever lived. But no man ever

suspected him of swerving from his country's cause, in his own interest or in that of any other man. The country first — the country second — the country always! Such men as that do not need statues for their memorial! But all the more they deserve them.

Now I come to Benjamin Franklin. An accomplished scholar, born in Germany, once asked me why in Boston we were so chary of our honors to Benjamin Franklin, seeing Boston is best known by half the world as Franklin's birthplace. I could only say, as I said just now, that we had so many great men to commemorate that we could not say half we would about any of them. But it was a poor apology.

Franklin is the oldest of our signers of the declaration. At the time of Sam Adams's birth, Franklin is leaving Boston for his Philadelphia home. Fifty-three years after, as a representative of Pennsylvania, he signs the declaration in what my friend, the old writing-master, Mr. Jonathan Snelling, used to call in one of his writing book copies the "Boston style of writing."

In the same year he crossed the ocean to France, and arrived in Paris just before Christmas. Lord Stormont, the English ambassador, at once reported his arrival in England, to be told in reply by his

chief, Lord North, that he need not distress himself "about the movements of an old man of seventy." But before the old man of seventy had done with France he had dictated the treaty of independence. He had compelled George III.—the Brummagem Louis XIV.—to surrender half his empire, and by far the better half, as it has proved.

So majestic was Franklin's diplomacy that when the English ministry compelled the House of Commons to ratify the treaty, it was openly said that America had seven negotiators to make it, while the King of England had none.

So was it that the town of Boston—will the Mayor let me say the Latin School?—sent the diplomatist to Europe who crowned the work of independence, as in Samuel Adams she had kept at home the far-seeing statesman who began it. These are our jewels!

Far in advance of all other men in the work of independence are the two greatest men yet born in America—Washington and Franklin. Two men who honored each other, absolutely and without jealousy. One, in America, established independence; one, in Europe, made independence possible. The croakers tell us that in government by democracy the people cannot find their true leaders, and do not trust them when found. Tell me in what oligarchy, in what empire, was ever a people so loyal to a leader, in good report and in evil fortune,

as the people of America to Washington? And in what empire or in what oligarchy has any nation ever found a diplomatist who is to be named on the same day with Benjamin Franklin?

Of leaders in lower rank I must not speak even to name them. First, second and last, here is the old Puritan sense of duty—the present service of the present God. It is in the hunger of Valley Forge; it is in the wilderness tramp under Arnold; it is in the injustice of Newburgh, when the war was done. Duty first! To serve where God has placed me!

And when the field of such service is their own field the triumph is simply magnificent.

I must not even attempt to describe the work of Massachusetts at sea in the war of independence. Enough to say that the treaty of peace was forced on England by seven years of losses at sea. Her enemy was Massachusetts. In the year 1777 King George employed 45,000 men in the English navy, in all oceans of the world. In the same year New England employed against him 80,000 men upon the Atlantic alone. Of these nine-tenths were from Massachusetts.

Remember that, through the war, America had more men on the sea fighting the king than Washington ever commanded on the land. Of these sea kings, nine-tenths, at the least, were from Massachusetts. From first to last more than 3,000 prizes

were taken from the English merchant marine by the American cruisers and privateers, most of them by the men of Massachusetts. And here is the reason why, when the war ended, the merchants of London insisted that it should end—the same men who, when it began, were hounding Lord North and George III. to their ruin.

BUT this relentless clock [on the front gallery] will not let me name the gallant seamen who

“Bore the stars and stripes
O'er the oceans of the world.”

The Boston children gave the clock to this hall, in fear that Boston orators might speak too long.

I have named only the signers of the Declaration, and the very first of the soldiers. Let us ask Mr. Tarbell and Mr. Benson to paint for us such a memorial as Rembrandt would have given to Holland—if ever Holland had such a group of men. It shall be a painting of several of them together. They shall sit around the hospitable board of Hancock. He shall make his peace with Sam Adams, so that he may give a fit welcome to Franklin on some visit. The portrait of Warren shall look down upon the gathering. John Adams shall be leading in the talk, Robert Paine listening serene, while the younger Paine wants to be humming “Hail Colum-

bia" to Knox, his friend. And we will hang the picture in the Old South, or in the town house on King street, or in Faneuil Hall.

AND here we turn from yesterday to to-morrow. And here are our lessons for our boys and girls, for our young men and maidens. They need not study them in catechisms. They need not repeat them in words. They are object lessons, to be learned as they play ball in sight of Sam Adams's State House, or beneath the shadow of the monument on Bunker's Hill.

I was talking once of education with a Japanese prince. He said to me, in that supernaturally good English in which they speak: "We do not give so much time to arithmetic, in our schools, as you do. We think arithmetic makes men sordid."

So do I. And I asked, a little nervously, "To what do you give the time?"

"We teach them morals and history."

Morals and history! Might I not say that our boys and girls can drink in their morals as they see their history? This is why we urge on the teachers and on the boys and girls, in the studies of the Old South and in the work of the schools, to begin with home history, and to make household words of its lessons. To learn first and last that they are not alone; that they hold even part

and privilege with so many others in the duty and the fame of a city not second to any city in the world. First and last, duty; duty to each and all, right and left, who in this city live. For this they shall be bred and trained in the traditions of their fathers.

They shall learn, first, second and last, to trust the people of whom they are and for whom they live. We shall not discourage any meeting of the people, whether round a tree in the Common or here in Faneuil Hall. We shall exult in every effort to lift up the people, that there may be less and less of the labor or drudgery which wears men out, and more and more work in which spirit rules matter. We shall exult in every form of education, the Public Library, the evening schools, Mr. Hill's and Mr. Stewart's institutes of industry, which lift up the people and give the people its chance against any smaller competition. For this, and for this only, are we to study the past, that "we, the people" of Massachusetts, may rule Massachusetts more happily in the future!

The boy who takes a stranger to the telegraph office on State street, shall say to him: "Here Crispus Attucks died. He is our first martyr; he is from a despised race, but Massachusetts made him a freeman, and so he died for her." The boy who takes his cousin to see the azaleas in the garden, shall say: "It was here that Washington hoped

to enter Boston on the ice, and so we have put his statue here." The Charlestown boy who takes his friends to the Navy Yard shall say: "It was here that the boats from the other side brought over the Redcoats, and here they rallied after running down the hill." The boy who carries a parcel through Washington street shall say: "Here was 'Orange street;' here was 'Newbury street;' but we moved those names when we named it for Washington, after he rode in, in triumph, while the English fleet, retiring, whitened the bay yonder."

I believe if I were in your Honor's chair next January, on one of those holidays which nobody knows what to do with, I would commemorate the first great victory of 1775. To do this well, I would issue an order that any school-boy in Boston who would bring his sled to School street might coast down hill all day there, in memory of that famous coasting in January, 1775, when the Latin School boys told the English general that to coast on School street was their right "from time immemorial," and when they won that right from him.

We have made a pleasure park of the old Fort Independence, thanks, I believe, to our friend Mr. O'Neil. Let no young man take his sweetheart there, where sheep may be grazing between the useless cannon, without pointing out to her the berth

of the "Somerset" on St. Botolph's day, the day democracy began her march round the world. Let him show her the bastions on Dorchester Heights. Let him say to her: "It was here that Lord Percy gathered the flower of King George's army to storm the heights yonder. And it was from this beach that they left Boston forever."

When he takes her to his old school-house he shall ask first to see the handwriting of some of our old boys—of Franklin, of Sam Adams, of John Hancock, of Paine, of Bowdoin, and of Hooper. They shall not stop the car at Hancock street without a memory of the man who first signed the Declaration. They shall cross the pavement on Lynde street, and he shall say: "These stones have been red with blood from Bunker Hill." And when this day of days comes round, the first festival in our calendar, the best boy of our High School, or of our Latin School, shall always read to us the Declaration in which the fathers announced the truth to the world.

And shall this be no poor homage to the past—worship deaf and dumb. As the boy goes on his errand he shall say, "To such duty I, too, am born. I am God's messenger." As the young man tells the story to his sweetheart he shall say, "We are God's children also, you and I, and we have our duties." ~~They look backward, only to look forward.~~ "God needs me that this city may still stand in the

fore front of his people's land. Here am I. God may draft me for ~~some~~ special duty, as he drafted Warren and Franklin. Present! Ready for service! Thank God, I come from men who were not afraid in battle.) Thank God, I am born from women whose walk was close to him. Thank God, I am his son." And she shall say: "I am his daughter."

He has nations to call to his service. "Here am I."

He has causeways to build, for the march forward of his people. "Here am I."

There are torrents to bridge, highways in deserts. "Here am I."

He has oceans to cross. He has the hungry world to feed. He has the wilderness to clothe in beauty. "Here am I."

God of heaven, be with us as thou wert with the fathers!

God of heaven, we will be with thee, as the fathers were!

Boys and girls, young men and maidens, listen to the voices which speak here; even from the silent canvas.

"You spring from men whose hearts and lives are pure—
 Their aim was steadfast, as their purpose sure.
 So live that Children's Children in their day
 May bless such Fathers' Fathers as they pray."

A LIST
OF
BOSTON MUNICIPAL ORATORS.

By C. W. ERNST.

BOSTON ORATORS

APPOINTED BY THE MUNICIPAL AUTHORITIES.

For the Anniversary of the Boston Massacre, March 5, 1770.

NOTE.—The Fifth-of-March orations were published in handsome quarto editions, now very scarce; also collected in book form in 1785, and again in 1807. The oration of 1776 was delivered in Watertown.

- 1771. — LOVELL, JAMES.
 - 1772. — WARREN, JOSEPH.
 - 1773. — CHURCH, BENJAMIN.
 - 1774. — HANCOCK, JOHN.^a
 - 1775. — WARREN, JOSEPH.
 - 1776. — THACHER, PETER.
 - 1777. — HICHBORN, BENJAMIN.
 - 1778. — AUSTIN, JONATHAN WILLIAMS.
 - 1779. — TUDOR, WILLIAM.
 - 1780. — MASON, JONATHAN, JUN.
 - 1781. — DAWES, THOMAS, JUN.
 - 1782. — MINOT, GEORGE RICHARDS.
 - 1783. — WELSH, THOMAS.
-

For the Anniversary of National Independence, July 4, 1776.

NOTE.—A collected edition, or a full collection, of these orations has not been made. For the names of the orators, as officially printed on the title pages of the orations, see the Municipal Register of 1890.

- 1783. — WARREN, JOHN.¹
 - 1784. — HICHBORN, BENJAMIN.
 - 1785. — GARDNER, JOHN.
-

^a Reprinted in Newport, R. I., 1774, 8vo, 19 pp.

¹ Reprinted in Warren's Life. The orations of 1783 to 1786 were published in large quarto; the oration of 1787 appeared in octavo; the oration of 1788 was printed in small quarto; all succeeding orations appeared in octavo, with the exceptions stated under 1863 and 1876.

1786. — AUSTIN, JONATHAN LORING.
 1787. — DAWES, THOMAS, JUN.
 1788. — OTIS, HARRISON GRAY.
 1789. — STILLMAN, SAMUEL.
 1790. — GRAY, EDWARD.
 1791. — CRAFTS, THOMAS, JUN.
 1792. — BLAKE, JOSEPH, JUN.²
 1793. — ADAMS, JOHN QUINCY.²
 1794. — PHILLIPS, JOHN.
 1795. — BLAKE, GEORGE.
 1796. — LATHROP, JOHN, JUN.
 1797. — CALLENDER, JOHN.
 1798. — QUINCY, JOSIAH.^{2, 3}
 1799. — LOWELL, JOHN, JUN.²
 1800. — HALL, JOSEPH.
 1801. — PAINE, CHARLES.
 1802. — EMERSON, WILLIAM.
 1803. — SULLIVAN, WILLIAM.
 1804. — DANFORTH, THOMAS.²
 1805. — DUTTON, WARREN.
 1806. — CHANNING, FRANCIS DANA.⁴
 1807. — THACHER, PETER.^{2, 5}
 1808. — RITCHIE, ANDREW, JUN.²
 1809. — TUDOR, WILLIAM, JUN.²
 1810. — TOWNSEND, ALEXANDER.
 1811. — SAVAGE, JAMES.²
 1812. — POLLARD, BENJAMIN.⁴
 1813. — LIVERMORE, EDWARD ST. LOE.

² Passed to a second edition.

³ Delivered another oration in 1826. Quincy's oration of 1798 was reprinted, also, in Philadelphia.

⁴ Not printed.

⁵ On Feb. 26, 1811, Peter Thacher's name was changed to Peter Oxenbridge Thacher. (List of persons whose Names have been Changed in Massachusetts, 1780-1892, p. 21.)

1814. — WHITWELL, BENJAMIN.
 1815. — SHAW, LEMUEL.
 1816. — SULLIVAN, GEORGE.²
 1817. — CHANNING, EDWARD TYRREL.
 1818. — GRAY, FRANCIS CALLEY.
 1819. — DEXTER, FRANKLIN.
 1820. — LYMAN, THEODORE, JUN.
 1821. — LORING, CHARLES GREELY.²
 1822. — GRAY, JOHN CHIPMAN.
 1823. — CURTIS, CHARLES PELHAM.²
 1824. — BASSETT, FRANCIS.
 1825. — SPRAGUE, CHARLES.⁶
 1826. — QUINCY, JOSIAH.⁷
 1827. — MASON, WILLIAM POWELL.
 1828. — SUMNER, BRADFORD.
 1829. — AUSTIN, JAMES TRECOTHICK.
 1830. — EVERETT, ALEXANDER HILL.
 1831. — PALFREY, JOHN GORHAM.
 1832. — QUINCY, JOSIAH, JUN.
 1833. — PRESCOTT, EDWARD GOLDSBOROUGH.
 1834. — FAY, RICHARD SULLIVAN.
 1835. — HILLARD, GEORGE STILLMAN.
 1836. — KINSMAN, HENRY WILLIS.
 1837. — CHAPMAN, JONATHAN.
 1838. — WINSLOW, HUBBARD. "The Means of the Perpetuity and Prosperity of our Republic."
 1839. — AUSTIN, IVERS JAMES.
 1840. — POWER, THOMAS.
 1841. — CURTIS, GEORGE TICKNOR.⁸ "The True Uses of American Revolutionary History."⁸
 1842. — MANN, HORACE.⁹
 1843. — ADAMS, CHARLES FRANCIS.

⁶ Six editions up to 1831. Reprinted also in his *Life and Letters*.

⁷ Reprinted in his *Municipal History of Boston*. See 1798.

1844. — CHANDLER, PELEG WHITMAN. "The Morals of Freedom."
1845. — SUMNER, CHARLES.¹⁰ "The True Grandeur of Nations."
1846. — WEBSTER, FLETCHER.
1847. — CARY, THOMAS GREAVES.
1848. — GILES, JOEL. "Practical Liberty."
1849. — GREENOUGH, WILLIAM WHITWELL. "The Conquering Republic."
1850. — WHIPPLE, EDWIN PERCY.¹¹ "Washington and the Principles of the Revolution."
1851. — RUSSELL, CHARLES THEODORE.
1852. — KING, THOMAS STARR.¹² "The Organization of Liberty on the Western Continent."¹²
1853. — BIGELOW, TIMOTHY.¹³
1854. — STONE, ANDREW LEETE.²
1855. — MINER, ALONZO AMES.
1856. — PARKER, EDWARD GRIFFIN. "The Lesson of '76 to the Men of '56."
1857. — ALGER, WILLIAM ROUNSEVILLE.¹⁴ "The Genius and Posture of America."
1858. — HOLMES, JOHN SOMERS.²
1859. — SUMNER, GEORGE.¹⁵
1860. — EVERETT, EDWARD.
1861. — PARSONS, THEOPHILUS.
1862. — CURTIS, GEORGE TICKNOR.⁸
1863. — HOLMES, OLIVER WENDELL.¹⁶
1864. — RUSSELL, THOMAS.

⁸ Delivered another oration in 1862.

⁹ There are five editions; only one by the City.

¹⁰ Passed through three editions in Boston and one in London, and was answered in a pamphlet, *Remarks upon an Oration delivered by Charles Sumner . . . July 4th, 1845. By a Citizen of Boston.* See *Memoir and Letters of Charles Sumner*, by Edward L. Pierce, vol. ii. 337-384.

¹¹ There is a second edition. (Boston: Ticknor, Reed & Fields. 1850. 49 pp. 12°.)

¹² First published by the City in 1892.

¹³ This and a number of the succeeding orations, up to 1861, contain the speeches, toasts, etc., of the City dinner usually given in Faneull Hall on the Fourth of July.

- 1865.—MANNING, JACOB MERRILL. "Peace under Liberty."
- 1866.—LOTHROP, SAMUEL KIRKLAND.
- 1867.—HEPWORTH, GEORGE HUGHES.
- 1868.—ELIOT, SAMUEL. "The Functions of a City."
- 1869.—MORTON, ELLIS WESLEY.
- 1870.—EVERETT, WILLIAM.
- 1871.—SARGENT, HORACE BINNEY.
- 1872.—ADAMS, CHARLES FRANCIS, JUN.
- 1873.—WARE, JOHN FOTHERGILL WATERHOUSE.
- 1874.—FROTHINGHAM, RICHARD.
- 1875.—CLARKE, JAMES FREEMAN.
- 1876.—WINTHROP, ROBERT CHARLES.¹⁷
- 1877.—WARREN, WILLIAM WIRT.
- 1878.—HEALY, JOSEPH.
- 1879.—LODGE, HENRY CABOT.
- 1880.—SMITH, ROBERT DICKSON.¹⁸
- 1881.—WARREN, GEORGE WASHINGTON. "Our Republic — Liberty and equality Founded on Law."
- 1882.—LONG, JOHN DAVIS.
- 1883.—CARPENTER, HENRY BERNARD. "American Character and Influence."
- 1884.—SHEPARD, HARVEY NEWTON.
- 1885.—GARGAN, THOMAS JOHN.

¹⁴ Probably four editions were printed in 1857. (Boston: Office Boston Daily Bee, 60 pp.) Not until November 22, 1864, was Mr. Alger asked by the City to furnish a copy for publication. He granted the request, and the first official edition (J. E. Farwell & Co., 1864, 53 pp.) was then issued. It lacks the interesting preface and appendix of the early editions.

¹⁵ There is another edition. (Boston: Ticknor & Fields, 1859. 69 pp.) A third (Boston: Rockwell & Churchill, 1882. 46 pp.) omits the dinner at Faneuil Hall, the correspondence and events of the celebration.

¹⁶ There is a preliminary edition of twelve copies. (J. E. Farwell & Co., 1863. (7), 71 pp.) It is "the first draft of the author's address, turned into larger, legible type, for the sole purpose of rendering easier its public delivery." It was done by "the liberality of the City Authorities," and is, typographically, the handsomest of these orations. This resulted in the large-paper 75-page edition, printed from the same type as the 71-page edition, but modified by the author. It is printed "by order of the Common Council." The regular edition is in 60 pp., octavo size.

- 1886.—WILLIAMS, GEORGE FREDERICK.
 1887.—FITZGERALD, JOHN EDWARD.
 1888.—DILLAWAY, WILLIAM EDWARD LOVELL.
 1889.—SWIFT, JOHN LINDSAY.¹⁹ “The American Citizen.”
 1890.—PILLSBURY, ALBERT ENOCH. “Public Spirit.”
 1891.—QUINCY, JOSIAH.²⁰ “The Coming Peace.”
 1892.—MURPHY, JOHN ROBERT.
 1893.—PUTNAM, HENRY WARE. “The Mission of Our People.”
 1894.—O’NEIL, JOSEPH HENRY.
 1895.—BERLE, ADOLPH AUGUSTUS. “The Constitution and the Citizen.”
 1896.—FITZGERALD, JOHN FRANCIS.
 1897.—HALE, EDWARD EVERETT. “The Contribution of Boston to American Independence.”

¹⁷ There is a large paper edition of fifty copies printed from this type, and also an edition from the press of John Wilson & Son, 1876. 55 pp. 8°.

¹⁸ On Samuel Adams, a statue of whom, by Miss Anne Whitney, had just been completed for the City. A photograph of the statue is added.

¹⁹ Contains a bibliography of Boston Fourth of July orations, from 1783 to 1889, inclusive, compiled by Lindsay Swift, of the Boston Public Library.

²⁰ Reprinted by the American Peace Society.

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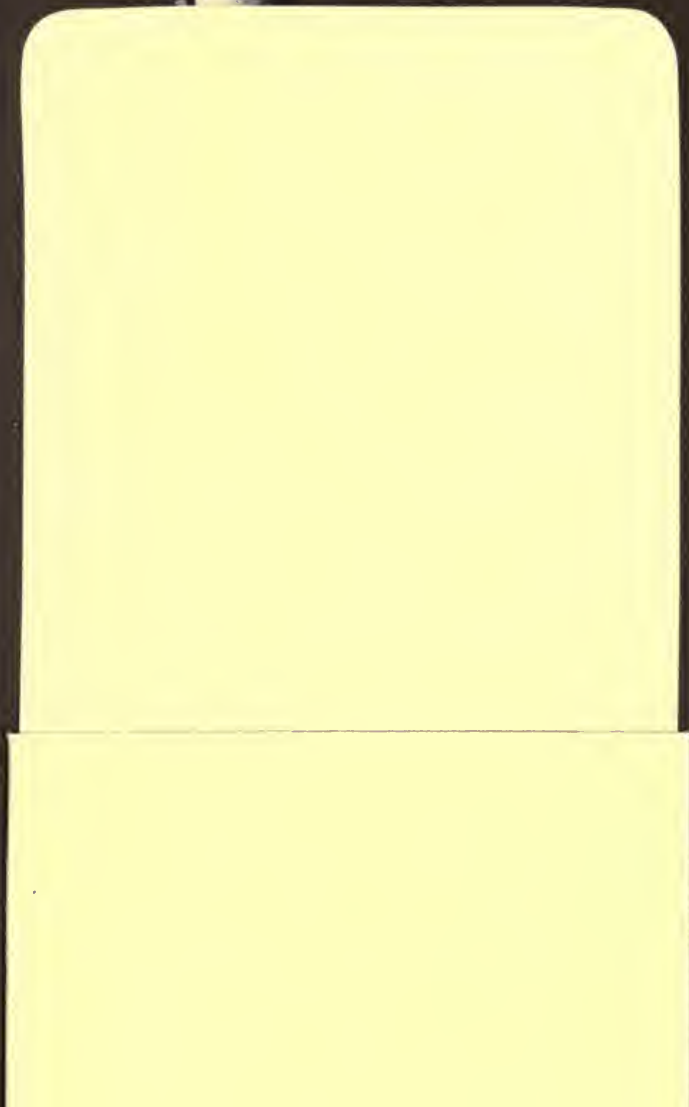
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